

DELL

Annie Oakley

and Tagg



Another Outstanding Award for Dell Comics



FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO YOUTH



CITATION

AWARDED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.
PRESIDENT OF DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.
PUBLISHERS OF DELL COMICS

FOR HIS SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL
AND FOR HIS CONTINUING EFFORTS IN BEHALF
OF THE INTERESTS OF AMERICAN YOUTH

For Service

MAJOR GENERAL LEON V. BERRY, USAF
NATIONAL COMMANDER IN CHIEF, CIVIL AIR PATROL
ARMED BY THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Mr. George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Dell Comics, receiving the Civil Air Patrol Citation for Outstanding Service to Youth from Major General Leon V. Berry, USAF. The award was presented in recognition of Mr. Delacorte's cooperation of the Dell Comic line in stimulating and educating children's interest in aviation. Left to right—Col. Donald T. Hynes, USAF, Deputy Commander, CAP; Major General Leon V. Berry, USAF, Commander, CAP; George T. Delacorte, Jr.; and John I. Lorton, Assistant USAF, and Col. C. Stern, USAF.



We are particularly proud of this recognition of Dell Comics by the Civil Air Patrol, official auxiliary of the United States Air Force. The CAP, by stimulating interest in aviation among the youth of America, is a vital force in our national defense. At the same time, by promoting this healthy interest in aviation and flying, the CAP serves as an effective deterrent to juvenile delinquency throughout the United States. We suggest that boys and girls, aged 15 years and older, investigate the possibilities of joining the CAP unit in your locality. For information about the Civil Air Patrol, what it is, what it does, and how you may join, contact your nearest Air Force Recruiting office.

A FLEDGE **DELL** TO FARMERS

The Dell Treatment is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the finest magazine bearing its name is only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code does not merely regulate, objectively material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun "safe, sound and sane" service" is one only words and constant goal.

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Annie Oakley

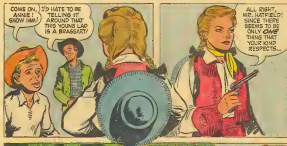
in
THE BUSHWHACKER



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS









ANNIE! WHO IS THAT
YOUNG ROUGH-
NECK? WHAT'S
HE DOING HERE?

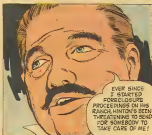
HIS NAME'S
RATFIELD!

HE SAYS HE'S
GOING TO WORK
FOR JOHN HINTON!



WHERE'S YOUR
UNCLE? WE'VE GOT
TO DO SOMETHING!
THAT MAN IS A
KILLER!

NOW WAIT
A MINUTE,
MR. PERRY!
HOW DO YOU
KNOW?



EVER SINCE
I STARTED
FORECLOSURE
PROCEEDINGS ON HIS
RANCH, HINTON'S BEEN
THREATENING TO SEND
FOR SOMEBODY TO
TAKE CARE OF ME!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT! WHY
DON'T YOU WAIT IN UNCLE'S
OFFICE? HE SHOULD BE
BACK PRETTY SOON!
SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!



LATER...

SEE,
ANNIE!

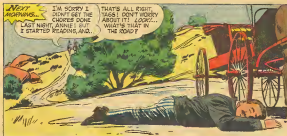
I DON'T THINK
MR. RATFIELD'S
A KILLER!
SO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW, SAGS!
I WAS GETTING TO
LIKE HIM WHEN HE
WAS KIDDING ME! BUT
DID YOU SEE HIS FACE
WHEN HE DREW ON
MR. PERRY?





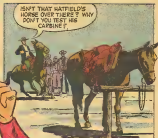
















THE TEN-GOAL COMANCHE

Illustrated by
WILLIAM MORTIMER

Although his face gave no hint, Crooked Nose was overwired. The crowds, the rattling horsecars, the towering three-story buildings of the New York City of 1885, left him completely dazed.

Crooked Nose, himself, was hardly less sensational to the citizens, as he and Andy Morgan herded the ten nervous horses from the railroad station to the stables at the Polo Grounds. He rode his favorite buffalo-horse, an iron-muscled, leopard-spotted Appaloosa. His hawk-nosed mahogany face, his glossy braids and scalplock with the single eagle feather, evoked a swirl of excitement.

The train trip from the Oklahoma ranch had been a succession of wonders for Crooked Nose. The ranch belonged to Andy Morgan, who had once rescued Crooked Nose from death. They had become blood brothers by ancient Comanche ceremony.

Last fall, Andy's old college friend, Devereux Milbank, had visited the ranch and become enthusiastic over the roping and curbing horses. He told Andy they would make ideal polo ponies, bought ten of them, and arranged for Andy to bring them East. Andy brought Crooked Nose along, mostly for the sensation the Comanche would produce among the New Yorkers.

At the Polo Grounds the horses were stabled and Dev Milbank, Andy and Crooked Nose stood watching a practice game among the Westchester Blues. "Good game!" thought Crooked Nose, "Horses colliding, men whacking with clubs! Shiny on horseback!"

Andy turned to Milbank. "You got some good boys there," he said, "but Comanche buffalo runners would make them look like women on plow horses! You ever see a Comanche ride when he meant business?"

Dev smiled. "I guess they're good enough, chasing buffalo, but you don't know this game, Andy! The fast stops, the short turns... your aborigine here wouldn't have a chance! Why, he doesn't even use saddle or bridle!"

Andy colored. "Listen! Crooked Nose has seen enough to catch onto the game. I'll bet you a dinner that, right now, he can take that ball through*your whole team by himself!"

Dev said, "Andy, you must have been

kicked in the head!" Andy was already talking to Crooked Nose in Comanche. The Indian's eyes began to glitter.

Andy handed him a mallet as he lithely mounted the buffalo pony. Dev laughingly explained to the four defending Blues, concluding with, "Don't ride him off too hard, boys! Andy'll buy the dinner!" Grinning, they took position as Dev tossed the ball into the middle of the field.

Crooked Nose squeezed with his knees. The pony leaped into a run. The Comanche brought the mallet down to a full-arm swing. Its head struck the ball a foot behind the ball. The handle broke off two feet from the head as the pony swept past. Andy groaned. A shout of laughter went up from the players.

Without slowing, Crooked Nose knoed the pony into a great sweeping circle. Just ahead of the broken mallet, he hooked his left foot over the withers and, both hands free, swung head down. Nearly, he picked it from the ground. Still head down, he gathered in the ball with little dart two-handed strokes, running it along almost under the flying hooves.

A rider charged to intercept, looking for the ball. Crooked Nose tapped it under the pony, slid over the pony's back and, bridle sweeping the ground, whacked it on the left.

A Blue, cutting in from the side, got a smart rap on the knee from the short mallet and pulled away, howling. The third man could not match the speed of the spotted pony. Only one player on a big horse, blocked the way, directly in front of the goal.

Crooked Nose swerved not an inch. Ten feet from the approaching rider, he gave the ball a solid whack, then, in one fluid motion, swung upright and hunched over the pony's neck. His heels thumped as ribs. The pony laid its ears back, bared yellow teeth and hit the big horse like a freight train running wild.

Whooping Comanche, horse and willow ball swept between the goal posts together.

Later in the clubhouse, Milbank seemed still dazed. He said, "He'd have a ten-goal handicap anywhere in the world!" Then, suddenly elated, "Man! Let's take him to Meadowbrook! We can take those Long Island stuffed shirts for everything they've got!"

THERE GOES SHERIFF TAYLOR! WHERE'S HE
HEADED IN THIS WEATHER?

DUNNO! BUT HE'S
BUNDLED UP PLENTY WARM! LOOKS LIKE
HE PLANS TO BE OUT ON THE TRAIL FOR A
WHILE!

The UNWRITTEN CODE

SCRIPT BY
MICHAEL CROFFORD & LARRY LEE

HA-HA! I WAS JUST PLANNING
TO PASS THROUGH THIS BURG! BUT
THIS LOOKS LIKE AN OPPORTUNITY
I SHOULDN'T PASS UP!

WITH THE SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN, THE BANK
OUGHTA BE EASY PICKING! ... THE STREET'S
CLEAR, TOO!

*MINUTES
LATER...*

I'M IN LUCK!
THE PLACE IS
PRACTICALLY
DESERTED!

HAND OVER ALL YOUR MONEY
FAST OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT
THROUGH YOU!

WH-WHAT?
OH, Y-YES,
OR:
YES, SIR!







THEY'RE RIDING AWAY! BUT I STILL GOT A FEELING YOU
TIPPED 'EM OFF SOMEHOW! I'M GONNA...



CRASH!



OW-W-W-W!

NOW YOU'RE
GONNA GET IT!



HOLD IT! YOU'RE
ALL THROUGH!

WHAT? B-BUT I
SAW YOU RIDING AWAY!
HOW'D YOU GET BACK
HERE SO QUICK?



YOU JUST SAW MY MEN! I STUCK
CLOSE TO THE CABIN, WAITING TO
CATCH YOU OFF GUARD!

I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT
MADE YOU WISE UP! WAS IT
THAT TALK ABOUT HARPER
... WHOEVER HE IS?





Annie Oakley

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

FASTER, KENT! THEY'RE
GAINING ON US!

I'M STRETCHIN' THEM TO
THE LIMIT NOW, JOCKEY!



THEY'RE TRYING TO
KILL US! I'M GOING
TO USE THE RIFLE!

OKAY! OKAY! ONLY BE
CAREFUL, WILL YOU?

I-I CAN'T AIM
RIGHT! THE —
W-HILSON IS
SOUNDING!

HERE, TAKE THE REINS
AND GIVE ME THAT GUN!







"WHAT ARE YOU HAULING?"

"BLANKETS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!"



"WELL, I KNOW SOME FAMILIES THAT NEED THEM BADLY! COME ON, I'LL RIDE GUARD TO YOUR DESTINATION AND THEN BACK TO DIABLO!"

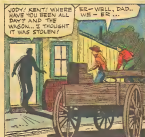
"SWELL!"



"LATE THAT EVENING, ANNIE, JODY, AND KENT ARRIVE BACK IN DIABLO..."

"OH, I'M SCARED! DAD WILL BE AWFULLY ANGRY WITH US!"

"HOPE THAN LIKELY, HE'LL BE RIGHTLY GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, JODY!"



"JODY! KENT! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL DAY? AND THE WAGON... I THOUGHT IT WAS STOLEN!"

"ER - WELL, DAD... WE - ER ..."



"WE WANTED TO HELP YOU, DAD! WE DELIVERED THOSE BLANKETS UP NORTH! WITH ANNIE'S HELP, THAT IS!"

"WHY, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED! YOU KNOW CATTLE-MEN ARE RABBITING ALL THE 'WAGONS'!"



I THINK THE KIDS HAVE
LEARNED THEIR LESSON,
CLAY! THEY'VE HAD QUITE
A SCARE FROM THOSE
RACERS!

THANK GOODNESS YOU WERE
THERE, ANNIE! YOU DON'T
KNOW THESE CRAZY KIDS
LIKE I DO!

FROM NOW ON, I WON'T LET THEM,
BUT NEAR THAT WAGON! NOW YOU
TWO MARCH RIGHT ON HOME!



I HATE TO SNAP
AT THEM LIKE
THAT, BUT IT'S
FOR THEIR OWN
GOOD!

I DON'T REALIZE THE
DISPUTE OVER LAND UP
NORTH AFFECTED YOU
SO MUCH, CLAY!

YES, ANOTHER WEEK
LIKE THIS AND I'LL
BE OUT OF BUSINESS!
AND HUNDREDS OF
PEOPLE WILL BE
RIPPING OUT OF
SUPPLIES!

H-M-H! MAYBE
THERE'S A WAY TO
DISCOURAGE THESE
RACERS! LET ME
THINK...



THE NEXT MORNING FINDS ANNIE
AND LOFTY IN CLAY'S OFFICE...



WELL, DIDN'T THINK
I'D BE DRIVING A
SUPPLY WAGON TODAY,
BUT... IF YOU SAY
SO, ANNIE...

OH, YES! I'LL
MAKE A FINE
DRIVER, LOFTY!



SO LONG! SEE YOU
LATER, I HOPE!

DON'T WORRY YOU WILL!
THAT LOAD OF WHEAT IS
RIGHTLY IMPORTANT!

SOON LATER, LOFTY IS DEEP
IN CATTLEMAN TERRITORY...

WOWWWW! NELSON TOLD US THE RIDS
USUALLY TAKE PLACE ALONG THIS
STRETCH! SURE HOPE ANNIE KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S DOING!

WOW! I GUESS SHE DOES.
HERE THEY COME!

BAM!

BAM!

WELL, I ASKED FOR IT!

ZING!

ZING!

BAM!
BAM!

WHAT...? SOMEONE'S SHOOTIN'
FROM THOSE TREES!

ZZ-R-RING!

LOOK OUT!

GOOD SHOOTING, ANNIE! (NOW I SEE WHY YOU WANTED THAT LOAD OF TIGHTLY-BOLTED WIRE ABOARD THE WAGON!)

I WAS WORRIED THAT TO THE TRICK, LOOPY! I WANTED TO WAIT TILL THEY GOT CLOSE TO THE WAGON BEFORE SHOOTING THROUGH THE STRANDS OF WIRE!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? THAT WIRE... IT... IT...

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER! JUST KEEP YOUR HANDS UP HIGH!



COULD BE! BUT, SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT A FEELING THERE'S A MASTERMIND BEHIND THIS!



A LITTLE LATER, HEADED BACK TOWARD TOWN...

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO TURN THESE GUYS OVER TO THE SHERIFF! THEY'RE TUGH HOMEBODIES!

THEY LOOK LIKE THE SAME ONES WHO ATTACKED JURY AND KENT! ANYWAY THEY'RE THE ONES WHO DO ALL THE DARING!



LATER, IN TOWN...

WELL, THOSE THREE JASPIERS ARE IN JAIL FOR A WHILE! BUT THE SHERIFF SAYS HE KNOWS 'EM! THEY'RE JUST TOWN BULLIES THAT HIRE OUT AS GUNNIES!

THEN SOMEONE IS PAYING THEM OFF TO SABOT MY WAGONS!





A CLEVER SLEDGEION. HE NELSON! NOW GET YOUR HANDS UP FAST!

OH-WHAT? FEED DICKENS!



THAT'S RIGHT, NELSON! AND I JUST GOT WORD ABOUT THE LITTLE TRICK YOU PLAYED ON MY MEN! I DON'T USE IT!

SO YOU'RE THE ONE BEHIND THIS! YOU HEED THOSE MEN TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S TRYING TO TEND OUT THE RANCHES! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN—YOU'VE GOT THE BIGGEST RANCH IN THE STATE!



YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, BUT NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT IT! THROW DOWN YOUR GUNSTONE! PLEASE MOVE AND THE OLD HERE GETS IT! YOU, NELSON, TIE THEM UP TIGHT!



MINUTES LATER...

GRAY, THAT'LL HOLD YOU! NOW... WHAT'S THAT?

OH, I'LL BET IT'S LOFTY!



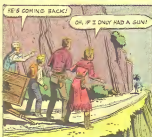
I'M LOOKING FOR ANNIE! DID THOSE

HOLD IT, MISTER! EASE YOUR GUN OUT AND DROP IT ON THE FLOOR!



THIS IS GETTIN' TO BE QUITE A PARTY!

I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S GOING ON?



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MINUTES LATER...



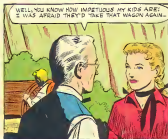
LET'S GET THIS WHEEL BACK ON, TAGG, AND HEAD BACK TO TOWN!

SOX, THIS SURE TURNED OUT TO BE OUR LUCKY WHEEL!



IT WASN'T PURE LUCK, TAGG. I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD HAPPEN UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, THOUGH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CLAY?

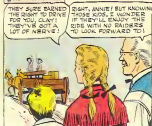


WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IMPETUOUS MY KIDS ARE! I WAS AFRAID THEY'D TAKE THAT WAGON AGAIN...



SO I LOOSENED THE NUT ON THE WHEEL JUST ENOUGH SO THEY WOULDN'T GET VERY FAR!

THE NEXT DAY...



THEY SURE EARNED THE RIGHT TO DRIVE FOR YOU, CLAY! THEY'VE GOT A LOT OF ABOVE!

RIGHT, ANNIE! BUT KNOWING THOSE KIDS, I WONDER IF THEY'LL ENJOY THE RIDE WITH NO RAIDERS TO LOOK FORWARD TO!

A PLEDGE **DELL COMICS** TO PARENTS

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